

PLUNGERS SCARCE AT BIG TRACKS :: AUTOMOBILE RACES

No Great Plunger Yet At Metropolitan Races

Heavy Bettors Holding Off in Spectacular Attacks on Books--Who Will Breed the Greatest of All Race Horses?

By J. S. A. MACDONALD.

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As fleeting and as dainty as the bloom of the rose is the luck and fame of the race-track plunger.

So far this season the money mill of the betting ring has failed to grind forth a real high-class operator. There is no new star. It was not always thus, for as sure as the cycle of the seasons was the production of at least one new and great money prodigal each summer on the New York turf. In the old days Plunger Walton was the king. Then came others—the fame of "Phil" Dwyer lives today; Riley Grannan, "Pittsburgh Phil," "Joe" Yeager, and "Davy" Johnson.

Last year the distinctive new star in the high stake gambling firmament was "Jack" McDonald. The year before that it was "Joe" Yeager, and so on, back to the early eighties, when certain individuals bethought themselves of wagering fortunes on the whim and luck of a race horse. The plunger comes today and is gone tomorrow. For instance, Yeager is not on the ground here at Gravesend, while McDonald's light is burning so dimly he is scarce observed in the daily frenzy of the ring.

Looking to Paul Rainey.

Who is the coming star better of the year? That is the interesting question being propounded among the professional bettors just at present. So far Paul Rainey, of Cleveland, Ohio, has been playing a brilliant hand. He will probably take the place of Drake, Yeager, McDonald, and Johnson in the limelight from now on. On May 21 Rainey bet enough money to win \$45,000 on his colt, Henslip. He is a man who will put down \$50,000 as quickly as \$500 when he thinks he is right. All in all, this newcomer to the turf is going to supply the spectacular color to the betting market of 1906.

When Saratoga's season whirls around, will be "Rainey," "Rainey," everywhere, just as "Drake" was in the "Drake" "Gates," "Gates," when John A. Drake and the Gates faction first invaded the Eastern field in 1903. An interesting personage is this rising young plunger, Rainey. Two years ago this young millionaire—he inherited \$20,000,000 from the Rainey family of Steel trust fame and is banking on this as one of the thirty-year mark—found life was not full without a stable of race horses. He immediately engaged "Bud" May as his turf mentor and established a Tennessee stock farm after the style and custom of New York's millionaire set. "I am going to get the best race horses and then bet on them," he announced at the outset. This he has done.

Spending a Fortune.

Within sixteen months the Ohio youth has spent just \$200,000 in furthering his turf ambitions. This has been mainly along the line of securing a winning stable. And what a formidable collection of ready-made race horses he has today! He tow-roped the best obtainable. Whether it be a sprint or a cup race, Rainey has now a horse ready and fit and worth a bet.

He is just starting to gamble and within a month he will be observing only the high points. De Mund, recently acquired at \$45,000; Sir Wilfred at \$15,000, and Horace E. at \$25,000, are some of his prospective bread winners. In the old days "Phil" Dwyer did the same thing. His horses were winning a couple of races every day, and the owner was betting fortunes to win bagatelles, for the bookmakers generally offered odds on prices. One day he wagered \$5,000 on King Cotton to pick up cigar money—\$5,000. The King lost, and Dwyer then and there started on the toboggan which eventually landed him on the dump. Some time through the coming summer, Rainey may do the same thing, for the best racehorse may some time disappear.

Breeding for Perfection.

The fastest and stoutest racehorse in all the world. That is what three American breeders and one French thoroughbred fancier are fondly dreaming of these days. Not the stint of dollars will prevent the attainment of this cherished desire. For instance, on June 10 August Belmont, chairman of the Jockey Club, will bring to this country from England the celebrated "triple crown" winner Rockland, for whom he paid the magnificent sum of \$125,000. Some time in the future years Mr. Belmont believes there shall spring from the job of the blooded thoroughbred a racehorse greater than has been Synonby, Hermis, or Flying Fox—the fastest and fleetest equine the earth has ever known. Within recent times the breeding of racehorses has become a science as exact and as delicate in result as the cultivation of the potato in Indiana.

Speed begets speed, is the axiom of tried and proven theories. So then the best race horses in their battling days are best fitted for the services of the stud and the perpetuation of the strain of the thoroughbred family. Clarence Mackay, of New York, purchased Meddler for over half a hundred thousand dollars two years ago. He looks forward to the day when his great horse will beget a world's champion. Harry Payne Whitney holds the mighty Hamburg in leash at Brookdale Farm in New Jersey, confident in the belief that some day a son or a daughter of this \$70,000 beauty will stand out incomparably the monarch of the turf.

Argentine Aspirant.

But still another rival aspirant to Messrs. Belmont, Whitney, and Mackay arises this week. From far away Argentina comes the intelligence that in order to "breed the fleetest race horse in history," Senor Lauro, of Buenos Ayres, has paid the tremendous sum of \$150,000 for the son of Flying Fox—Airs and Graces. Edmund Blane, of the Blaine of the French turf, sold Lady for the reason that he possesses the sire, Flying Fox, a horse for which he paid \$157,000 and rates of better caliber than Meddler, Rockland or Hamburg.

Lauro desires to possess himself of Hamburg Belle, a daughter of Hamburg, at the end of this season, hoping

that the union of this daughter of Hamburg and Lady may give to South America a race horse capable of beating Salvatore's mile in 1:35.2.5. At the present time the experts concede Synonby, a son of an English sire, Melton, and Hermis, a son of Hermine, a royally bred horse, to be about the best all around thoroughbreds ever foaled on this side of the Atlantic. Next year Beldame will have a foal by her side, the get of Meddler, and it is this horse which August Belmont believes will eclipse the fame and glory of Synonby and Hermis.

Later on the progeny of Rockland will come a-racing. In the meantime the wealthy votaries of the metropolitan turf live in the hope of sporting colors on the coming wonder. Just now the fame of Burgomaster, a giant son of Hamburg, flashingly handsome in his somber coat and white stockinged forelegs, is spreading. "Better than was Synonby," says his owner, Harry Payne Whitney, and all the world is waiting to see. One thing about Burgomaster. He is the tallest and biggest three-year-old race horse ever seen on the turf. He stands 17½ hands high, and is bodied proportionately. A horse like Dandelion looks like a pony alongside of Burgomaster.

Racing at Gravesend.

The racing scene shifts back to Gravesend where racing will be in order from Thursday, June 7, until Wednesday, June 20. This is a delightful period down on the Long Island racing ground. A run down to the race track early in the afternoon, with a plunge in the ocean just after the last race at nearby Brighton Beach, with a late evening jaunt over to the giddy whiff of Coney Island, is an annual outing for thousands and thousands of New Yorkers. Little wonder the Brooklyn Jockey Club enjoys a prosperous late spring meeting. Then comes Sheephead Bay's turn with the Suburban Handicap, the feature of opening day, June 21.

At this time Harry Payne Whitney is determined to send both Artful and Burgomaster to the post. There is little question about the class and form of Burgomaster. He is easily one of the grandest three-year-olds ever bred. He was probably so far as did Synonby, while he has every bit as much early speed. Just a little soft yet, this son of Hamburg will come into his full powers during the session at Gravesend just about to open up. The Brooklyn Derby is the big event of Saturday, June 16.

CAPITAL CITY NOTES

W. Handiboe had two men on bases and none out, in the National Athletic Club game, and then fanned the next three men, all heavy hitters.

Carriek belongs in the outfield, where he can do more justice to himself than at second base. Some of his catches in the crowd were corks.

Hessler is a promising youngster and has a whip that a runner on third base had better watch, before he tries to steal home.

Rather a unique series of plays was pulled off in the Atlantic-Aloysius game when three bunts in succession were laid down the third base line, and then Gallagher extricated himself with only one run against him.

The rain broke up all calculations last week, and came just around the time when the games should have started.

Smith, the Columbia catcher, it is rumored, has joined a minor league team.

J. Symanowski is still on the hospital list with a split finger.

McDermott was guilty of a stupid play in one of his games last week, when a throw from catcher to first after the third strike had been called on the batter caught the new Aloysius man napping.

John R. Brown, former president of the league, has offered a handsome cup for the winning team.

Ed Handiboe's work is as good as it ever was, and his running of the teams is a good sight.

A. Handiboe is away out of form as far as the twirling end of the game is concerned, but then when he does get going, he will be hard to stop.

McCarthy is bidding fair to be up with the topnotchers at third base, for he is quick on bunts and is always in the game. His throwing to first and backing up in the infield makes him a dangerous man.

EASTERN LEAGUE RESULTS

At Baltimore—
Jersey City..... 10 10 0 2 0 0 0 R. H. E.
Baltimore..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 2 3 8 2
Batteries—Moskman and Butler; Burchell and Hearn. Umpire—Kerins.

At Buffalo—
Toronto..... 2 0 2 0 0 0 2 0 5 2 0
Buffalo..... 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 0 2 5 1
Batteries—McCafferty and Toft; Milligan and McAllister. Umpire—Kelly.

At Rochester—
Montreal..... 0 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 4 11 1
Rochester..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 2 7 1
Batteries—Fapallau and Connors; Penney and Carrish. Umpire—Campau.

At Newark—
Providence 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 3 9
Newark..... 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 4 11 1
Batteries—Cronin and Cooper; Hester and Shea. Umpire—Moran.

THEIR UNION.

Tess—Did she really say she wouldn't marry a non-union man?
Jess—Well, yes, I think she wanted to give that impression.

Tess—The idea! A play to the galleries?
Jess—O' no, it's simple enough. You see, she said she would never marry a man who was opposed to the union.

ONE TYPE OF FAN



Herman Is Dangerous For Terry McGovern

Brooklynite Better Be Careful in Tackling Him—Tommy Burns, Champion Chump. Don't Want Ryan and O'Brien.

By CHIP.

Wonders will never cease in the prize ring.

Slated by nine critics out of ten the country over as a sure loser, Terry McGovern sprung a huge surprise on even his staunchest admirers by clearly outpointing Jimmy Britt, California's favorite son, in a ten-round bout at Madison Square Garden, New York. Recent evidences of both mental and physical deterioration on the part of the former Terror made it seem certain that he was doomed to defeat, and most of the critics thought he would be stopped before the bout went the limit.

Britt's Poor Judgment.

His sole chance of winning, seemed to lie in landing a lucky swing during one of his characteristic rushes. But when he actually wedged into Britt and beat the coast laid at his own game, those present sat up and gasped. However, I have been told by those who witnessed the fight that Britt's back was discomfited in the extreme; that he forgot all the principles of fighting which brought him to the top of his class, and tried the slugging game with Terry, instead of "making" him eat slabs," as is his usual method of procedure. But no matter what the style of fighting may have been, it was mighty gratifying to McGovern's many friends to see him get even so good as an even break with Britt.

At the same time they are skeptical on the subject of his lasting return to form. They figure that the Britt contest was perhaps a flash in the pan, and that if the pitcher goes again to the well it will be put out of business.

Herman Is Dangerous.

They are now talking of matching McGovern with Kid Hefernan. It would be well for Terry's backers to hesitate a while before stacking up against the Chicago lad, for the latter has shown conclusively that he is perhaps the only man outside of Gans who can give Battling Nelson a fight for the topmost honors of the class. Herman stands ready and willing to meet McGovern. In fact, his manager, Nat Lewis, a few days ago posted a forfeit of \$1,000 to bind a match with Nelson, Britt, or McGovern, and, furthermore, offered to let it stand as part of a \$5,000 side bet on the result of the match. Nelson would make a great drawing card pitted against one of the lightweight, for a Madison Square Garden match, and should it be McGovern's fortune to get the plum, he will at least be assured a big slice of money, even if he is beaten.

The stand of Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, in the proposed contest between Hefernan and McGovern, was a great disappointment to the fight fans of New York and Philadelphia, who are within easy reach of the spot Tom O'Rourke chose for the site of his Tuxedo Club. Right up to within a day or two of the contest it seemed that everything was all right and that there would be no hitch in the event. Both men had trained hard and faithfully and Bob especially was eager to do the mitts. But the governor set his foot down and the bout was postponed until Tuesday night. However, there does not seem to be much chance of pulling it off, for those on the inside say that the promoters of the regular Philadelphia clubs are to blame for having the Tuxedo show stopped. It was ever thus; one fight promoter could not bear to see another getting the game and the coin. And, too, it is likely that if such is the case, there will be some sort of reprisal which will hurt and may even stop the six-round game in the Quaker City.

Speaking of Tommy Burns, world's heavyweight champion by grace of the greatest good luck, he has become per-

haps the most unpopular champion the ring has ever seen. Certainly next to Marvin Hart, he is the poorest. But even that would be forgiven him if he had a little more realization of his real status in the game. But when he came to Chicago after his Los Angeles fight, one would have thought that the Prince of Wales was making another tour.

Tommy dressed himself up in a silk hat, Prince Willy, gold-headed cane and strutted around the streets telling everybody he was the heavyweight champion of the world and could lick his weight in wild cats. Honestly, to look at him one would have thought that he was a great captain of finance instead of a fighter whose only claim to fame lies in licking perhaps the biggest dub who ever trod the boards as heavyweight champion, Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries—none of them ever put on the dog that Tommy did and yet they made a thousand dollars where he made one. The biggest purse he ever received was less than \$1,000. But he was not his dress that made him unpopular, but his arrogant way of treating people with whom he came in contact. Everybody was disgusted with him and prayed that old Bob would "knock his block off" when they met. There is but one satisfaction and that is that Tom will not be cock of the walk very long, and then he may learn some sense. There is one fighter he is dodging as if he were the Evil One himself, and that is Mike Schreck. Schreck gave Tommy one fine trimming and Tom knows that he can do it again and will not allow himself to be dragged into the ring with the Cincinnati German.

They say that Tommy Ryan and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien are to take advantage of the open bag in New York and will settle their many differences on the 25th of this month. This story comes from Ryan's fruit farm over in Benton Harbor, Mich., but has not yet been corroborated by the Quaker dancing master. Now, of course, there would be big money for these two if they could get together and the public could be assured that it was on the level. But they have had so many false starts that the fans do not take the news of a match between them seriously.

It seems that Young Corbett refused to learn his lesson and will continue to go along and engage in fights without paying any attention to his condition until he becomes the joke of the ring. Corbett took on some fellow down East the other night and came near getting another trimming, being saved only by the fact that the other fellow was an awful dub and didn't know when he had things coming his way. As long as Corbett continues his lickings to the top-notchers he can go along and get a little money as a trial horse, but when it gets so that the third and fourth raters trim him, it is hard to tell what he will get. It is too bad that such men get into prominent places in the game, for when they go their pace it hurts every honest fighter connected with the sport.

ON NEWSPAPER READING.

Doubtless there is such a thing as the newspaper habit which comes to be a form of mental dissipation and tends to weaken the power of close attention and prevent the sort of study and concentration which leads to intellectual growth. That should be avoided, but no man of today, however much he may pride himself on a culture that consists chiefly in knowledge of bygone things, can afford to neglect or be ignorant of the marvelous daily record that is made in print of the time in which he lives.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Baseball Batteries Scarce in England

Britishers Shy on Knowledge of Curves and How to Catch 'Em—Large Sums Spent in Breeding Horses.

LONDON, June 2.—It looks somewhat strange to see the heading, "Baseball," in the London sporting papers.

It is there, though, and it looks much as though it was there to stay. The football contingent has taken up the game with enthusiasm, and the games which have been played so far have attracted paying crowds. To an American used to watching professionals at home the games are not to be called brilliant exhibitions of the great American game, but it may be said safely that many of the Britishers who have gone to the new game show really remarkable aptitude and will develop into good players. The teams are yet weak so far as the batteries are concerned.

The Englishmen have not yet mastered the various curves, drops, in and out shots and the like, while few Englishmen have developed sufficient nerve to brave the perils which attend the life of the backstop. Americans are in demand for these places. Every day I hear of additional clubs being formed and additional games being played. It is hardly likely that any attempt will be made this season to systematize the game or to play for a championship. By next season, however, the "fans" are confident that the game will have been put on a proper basis.

The arrival of the American tennis team, Beals C. Wright, Halcombe Ward, Kneigh Collins and Raymond D. Little, has aroused much interest in the tennis world. All the Americans except Wright have already begun practice. Wright's injured arm is progressing favorably and he will begin his practice next week. The Americans look a formidable lot, and there need be no cause for surprise if they capture the Davis Trophy this year.

Some interesting facts have just been made public concerning the amount spent by the various foreign governments on the breeding of horses. In France the amount is \$1,540,000; Germany, \$950,000; Austria, \$700,000, and Italy, \$320,000. Russia spends an enormous sum, but the figures are not obtainable. The same is true of Turkey. The Sultan has four large state studs. The tendency is to increase the appropriations for this purpose. The various governments regard it as a good investment from an economic standpoint. It improves the breed of native horses, and makes the procuring of cavalry remounts easier.

The breeders of thoroughbreds in the Argentine Republic are sure to be heard from. They are searching the world for

the best sires, and the matter of cost cuts no figure when they make up their mind they want a horse. The recent purchase of Diamond Jubilee from the King's stud for \$120,000 has been followed by the purchase of the great Flying Fox colt by M. Edmond Blanc, paying the enormous price of \$150,000. I understand that other notable horses are likely to go to South America soon, and that great prices will be paid for them.

With the exception of the price M. Blanc paid for Flying Fox, \$187,500, and W. B. Macdonough, of the United States, paid for Ormonde, \$150,000, this is the largest price ever paid for a horse. It shows the Argentine breeders are in earnest.

Sir Thomas Lipton has not changed his mind about having another try at the America Cup. He intends, however, to play all the fine points of the game, and will not send over his challenge until the last moment permissible under the rules. This will give the American yachtsmen less time for preparation and will more nearly equalize the condition. The America Cup has come to be something of a mania with Sir Thomas, and his friends declare he will keep on challenging until he sends across the winning boat.

Lord Dalmeir is a most enthusiastic cricketer. So deeply was he interested in a match in which his team, the Surrey, was engaged that he did not go to see his horse run in the great race at Kempton. His father, Lord Rosebery, probably is not sorry to see him keep away from the race track a bit, as he had, it is said, developed a disposition to plunge, which was giving the former premier some apprehension.

The German Crown Prince is not only an enthusiastic yachtsman, but is becoming an expert one as well. He sailed his new boat, Angela II, in a recent regatta and sailed her well.

The Angela II will be one of the eight German boats to take part in the international race of Marblehead and soon will start on her trip across the Atlantic.

W. K. Vanderbilt continues his winning career on the French turf. In Prestige he has one of the very best horses of the year in France, and there are other grand horses in his string which will keep him well to the front of the season's winners. An accident to Rauech, his premier jockey, which will keep him out of the saddle for a couple of weeks, has handicapped his stable somewhat, but he is still winning races.

AUTOMOBILE RACES AT BENNING TRACK

Sanction Obtained for June 16th Events.

BIG DEALERS INTERESTED

Will Enter Best Cars to Be Driven by Crack Chauffeurs—Eight Events.

The Washington Automobile Racing Association has secured a sanction for an automobile race meet at Benning, Saturday, June 16.

While the arrangements for the race meet have been perfected for some time, the rules of the American Automobile Association strictly prohibit any announcement of the race prior to the granting of the sanction. Now that this valuable document has been received, information is available. There will be eight events, seven for automobiles and one for motorcycles.

Dealers Interested.

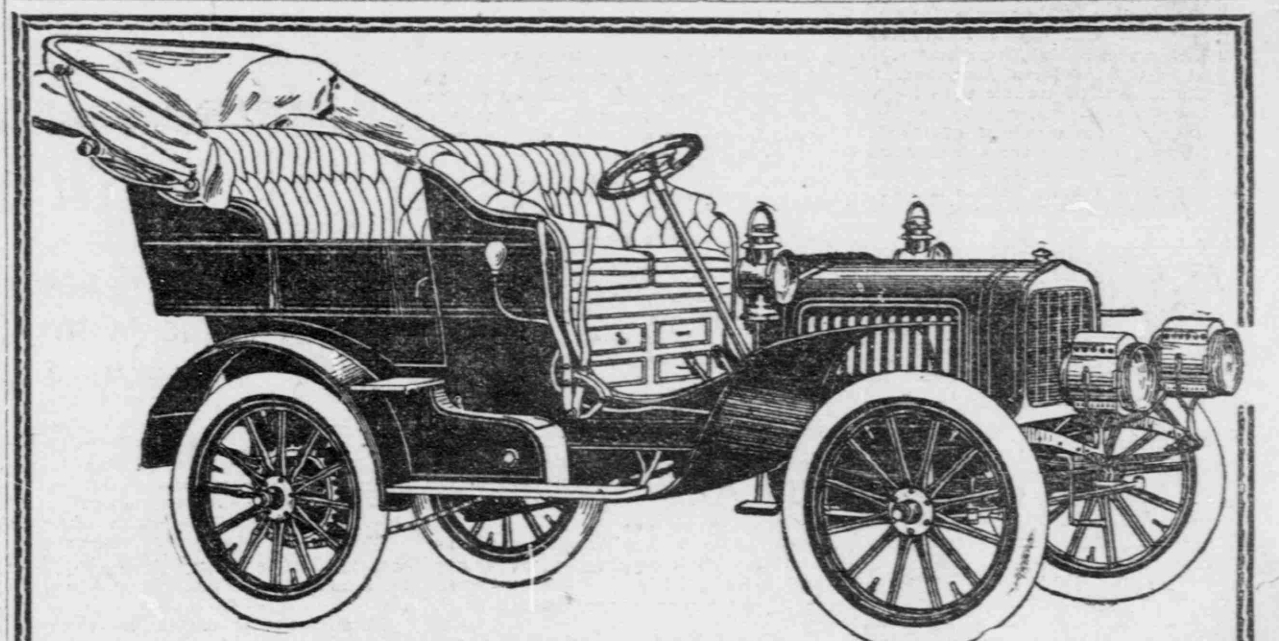
While there have been two race meetings at Benning, they were not patronized by the owners of the large and speedy cars, and only in one case did out-of-town drivers compete. This time, however, there are twelve earnest automobile dealers, salesmen, and enthusiasts, headed by C. Royce Hough, who purpose to make this meet a great success and furnish a full day's excitement at the track.

Already the list of entries indicate that the contests will be close and speedy. In several events the dealers will see that the big cars are driven by the best talent procurable. Many manufacturers are on record as against track racing, yet this does not seem to deter them from having their cars driven by good operators who were "once in their element."

While the list of events has been decided upon it will not be made public for a few days. The prizes for all the automobile events will be handsome silver cups, for the motorcycle event cash.

WALFORD'S PROMINENT IN THE CUTLERY WORLD

D. N. Walford's cutlery and sporting goods establishment on Pennsylvania avenue is known throughout this city and the South for the excellence of the merchandise offered. They are agents for the celebrated Jubilee razor, and other high grade cutlery, besides the best makes of sport goods in America.



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20-24 Horse-power

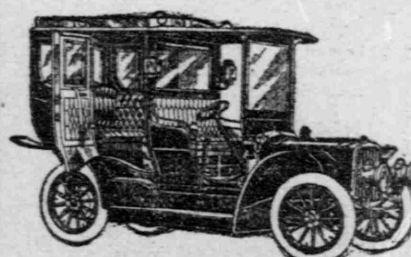
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One of the chief points of advantage in the Pope-Toledo Cars is durability. The transmission in the Type X Model is of Chrome Nickel Steel, unquestionably unsurpassed for strength and durability. The assurance of durability in a car and freedom from annoying break-downs goes a long way toward giving satisfaction.

The Type X Pope-Toledo Car follows the lines exactly of our larger and higher-priced Touring Cars. Its operation is simple, obviating the necessity for a chauffeur, and its speed and general efficiency are remarkable. A DEMONSTRATION WILL PROVE THIS CAR THE BEST INVESTMENT FOR THE MONEY TO BE FOUND TODAY. The Runabout style has a Rumble Seat, which may be folded in.

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